

pretty privilege

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pretty privilege

by [karlnapitys](#)

Summary

"What does that mean?"

"Just that you're very hard to say no to!"

"How? I'm, like, the least convincing person ever."

"That's definitely not true," Dream laughs. "You have pretty privilege."

(aka five times George didn't know why people were being so nice and one time Dream finally explained it to him)

Notes

happy birthday my beloved (/p) you helped me plan this and now im gifting it to you in return asgdhkjal

everyone go read her karlnap au it is top tier (but read this first if you. if you want)

if any ccs express discomfort in being shipped and/or written ill take this down right away!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

1. Dream

In the 16 years he's lived in his little Orlando neighborhood, Dream has never once interacted too closely with his neighbors.

It's not that he doesn't want to; he's just never really had a *reason* to. A lot of the families on his block are either older couples with kids long gone off to college, or younger ones with no kids at all. And with his best friend living just down the block from him, it's not like he doesn't interact with anyone at all.

The only reason he's thinking about it now is because of the new family moving in two doors down from him, and they have a son. A son his age who is going to be in his grade and is currently wearing a pair of giant white sunglasses and a very large black sweater considering the warm Florida air.

He watches the other boy roll the sleeves of his sweater up to his elbows, revealing pale forearms that reach out for another box to bring inside the house. When he returns, the sweater is gone, now replaced with a light pink shirt.

Pink is his color, Dream thinks.

At that moment, he decides he's going to introduce himself right then and there. He drops his bike on the front lawn and walks over to the house before his subconscious can convince him not to.

Upon his approach, the boy turns and lifts his sunglasses, placing them on his forehead, and Dream almost turns around because *holy shit, this kid is pretty*. His hair is dark brown, falling close in front of lighter brown eyes that shine with curiosity as he watches the boy approach. The closer Dream gets, he notices the freckles scattered across his cheeks, popping up more on the left side of his face than the right.

It's a miracle that he's actually able to get any words out.

"You guys are the Davidsons, right?" he asks, thankful that he had overheard his mom mentioning the new neighbors that were moving in.

"Yeah," the kid says, and *wow, he was not expecting the accent but somehow even his voice is cute*. "And you?"

Dream sticks out a hand. "Clay, but you can call me Dream. I live down the road," he gestures over towards the house that *this kid probably already saw you coming from, dumbass*.

"Dream, huh?" the boy smiles, eyes squinting as he tilts his chin slightly. "Did you come up with that one yourself?"

He laughs. "I- kind of."

"Well, Dream, it's nice to meet you. I'm George," he says, finally taking Dream's hand.

When they let go, he asks, "What grade are you going to be in."

George furrows his eyebrow. “11th, I think. America’s school system is so different from England, I had it explained to me, like, four times and I still don’t really get it.”

“You’re 16?” Dream asks, and George nods. “So, yeah, 11th should be right. Sounds like I’m going to see you around more than just the neighborhood.”

George smiles, and *oh man* , all Dream wants to do now is make George smile.

“If you want, I can show you around a little bit. There’s a Starbucks pretty close in town, I’ll buy you a coffee,” he offers, then quickly adds, “y’know, neighbor etiquette and whatever.”

George looks surprised, but he nods. “Yeah, that’d be nice. Let me just tell my parents.”

Over two hours later, they’re sat inside said Starbucks, about two drinks in. Dream’s original plan was to just grab something quickly and show him where their school was and around the area, but George had pointed out one of the paintings in the building that he had recognized. Next thing they knew they had been sitting at the table to the point where Dream felt obligated to go buy more drinks for them for how long they had been there.

He couldn’t help but be enthralled by George and every word he spoke, wanting to learn more and more about the other boy. He wanted to know about his life in England (*it was a lot colder than Florida*), his old friends (*he missed them, but he also didn’t really have that many*), wanted to know all the basic facts like his favorite color (*he’s colorblind, but it’s blue*), to if he could drive (*nope*), to what he wanted to do in the future (*no clue, probably something to do with coding, maybe teaching*).

When they got onto the topic of games, and George hesitantly brought up Minecraft, Dream was gone. If there was one thing he could talk for hours about, it was the stupid so-called “block game”, and judging by George’s enthusiasm, he felt the same.

They ended up leaving the store roughly an hour before the sun was supposed to set, wanting to get home before it got too dark.

Dream finally dropped him off on his porch, telling him that he would see the other boy at school the next day first thing, promising to be his tour guide. Once George was inside, he made his way over to his own house.

It was the quickest he had ever made a friend, and Dream had a feeling this was only the start for them.

2. Sapnap

George fit in extremely well with their friend group, as they found out within the first few weeks or so of him joining them at school. His sarcastic tone and occasional bursts of energy matched well with everybody.

Dream also found very quickly that he was not the only one who found George incredibly attractive, nor was he the only one unable to resist him.

It wasn't surprising, obviously. Anyone who looked at him no matter their sexuality could agree that he was fucking *adorable*. He had so much unswayed power over all of them for absolutely no other reason than to want to please him.

So yeah, it was obvious, and it was common.

Didn't mean it didn't make Dream just the tiniest bit jealous every time someone else, someone *besides* him did something for George, and in a very obviously flirty way.

For instance, it was their typical Friday night football game. Dream had been playing on the team since he was a freshman, finally making it up to a starting Varsity position along with his best friend Sapnap and a few others from their group.

By halftime, their team was up by 6 points, which meant it would be a close call for the second two quarters.

He and Sapnap were able to escape from the locker room for a bit, wanting to go find their friends in the stands and chat a bit before they had to get back out on the field.

Sure enough, right near the fence was George, who was wearing a short-sleeved shirt with their school logo on it. Next to him was Karl and Alex. Wilbur was there as well, standing with them although caught up in conversation with Niki and a few of the other cheerleaders. Dream could see Tubbo and Ranboo lingering near them as well, hoping to catch a glimpse of Tommy on the field.

"Hey," he said a little breathlessly, approaching the trio from the opposite side of the fence.

"Hey, yourself," George says, knocking his shoulder. "You're killing it, QB."

Dream raises an eyebrow. "You've actually been paying attention?"

"A little bit, yeah. Karl's been trying to teach me," he flushes, looking at the taller boy who just shrugs.

"Well I'll keep 'killing it,' I guess."

George is about to respond before his entire body shivers for a moment as a particularly strong gust of wind sweeps through the stadium.

"Cold?" Dream asks him, and George nods.

"I'm still trying to figure out how to dress for the Florida weather. Every choice I seem to make is wrong," he laughs, wrapping his arms around each other.

Out of nowhere, before Dream can even make a move, Sapnap is shrugging off his letterman and handing it over the fence to George.

"Take this," he says in the cockiest tone Dream has ever heard, *my god, he's this close to smacking this kid*. "It has my name on it and everything."

George makes a surprised noise, somewhere between a choke and a laugh, before accepting the clothing article and slipping it over his shoulders. It's huge for his frame, but it's adorable, and for a moment, Dream can pretend it's his own until he sees *Nick* embroidered in cursive letters flash on the front.

"Comfy," George smiles. "Thanks, Sap."

Before Dream can say anything, they're being called back to suit up. He ignores the feeling of hot jealousy burning in the back of his throat, rationalizes that he doesn't own George, it's not like he has dibs on him just because he met him first. Sapnap is just doing something nice for him, nothing more.

That is until he sees that stupid smirk on his best friend's face as he whispers "*he's cute, huh?*" and nodding towards George in the stands, and Dream thinks *really might hit him now*.

Part of him knows that Sapnap is just doing it to push his buttons, already knowing about how Dream feels for the other boy. The other part of him that knows about some part of Sapnap that does actually find George very attractive, because, *obviously*, he isn't *blind*, just causes an unexplainable pit to form in his stomach,

And if he fumbles the ball later in the game because he caught sight of George in his- no, Sapnap's jacket in the stands again? Well, he's just going to have to make it up. He is being watched, after all.

3. Karl

There's an annual carnival in town in mid-October, run by their school along with the local fire department in order to raise money. Dream hasn't been since middle school, but it doesn't take much convincing from George before he agrees to go with him and some of their friends.

He decides once they get there that it was a good idea, watching George's face light up, colored in various shades of pink, purple, and blue from all the lights surrounding them. The smell of fair food makes him nostalgic, and George's hand in his makes his stomach flutter. George grips his hand tighter as they walk in together, immediately dragging him over to the ticket booth, and Dream could just die happy right then and there.

Their group skips around most of the rides, either being too old (or in Dream's case, *too tall*) to do much of what's offered and heads straight for the games section.

There's a water race against each other, which they *all* lose to a little kid at the end of the booth, followed by an epic game of ring toss of Sapnap versus Dream that has everybody either yelling or cheering when Sapnap wins (totally by luck, of course.)

Dream calls for a rematch, and a few of their friends begin to trickle off. George stays to watch though, cheering for Dream, which is all that matters honestly. He becomes so lost in the game, determined to win, he doesn't even realize when the voice fades until he turns to present George with the green teddy bear he's won with his victory and the other boy is gone.

He sees him a few feet away at another booth just as Karl is handing him a purple monkey, a soft smile on his face.

Dream is next to George before he even realizes he's moving.

"Look what Karl won me!" George says proudly, holding up the monkey, and Karl laughs behind him.

“It’s from the duck game,” he points out. “Everybody wins at the duck game.”

Karl grins. “Don’t be jealous, Dream,” he says, walking over to Alex and Sapnap. The comment still gets a laugh from George, and Dream feels his face heating up.

“You can’t see purple,” he says quietly, and George snorts, raising an eyebrow.

“I can’t see green either,” he says, gesturing to the bear in Dream’s hand.

“But you knew it was green.”

“Yeah, because it’s *you*,” he says like it’s obvious, before switching his monkey to the other hand so he can grab Dream’s in his now free one. “C’m on. Take me on the Ferris wheel before we have to leave.”

4. Wilbur

On nice days, upperclassmen were allowed to eat outside in the school’s courtyard. Dream enjoyed it, glad to be getting out in the fresh air as a break from inside the school walls. Some natural lighting was good for the soul.

Today, however, was not one of those nice days. The sky was clouded, raining on and off all day, and they sought to just find a different place to eat instead.

Their crew ended up in the band room, not wanting to head to the overcrowded cafeteria. Wilbur and Tommy were close enough to the band teacher that they were able to sneak into the room. By some miracle, there was no class going on in the room, and they were able to settle on top of the desks. (Wilbur warned them not to sit on the floor, and Dream took his word for it.)

It was actually relatively peaceful. Everyone was calmer than normal, or maybe the quiet of the band room just made everything not seem so loud compared to the courtyard. Karl had brought a family-sized bag of chips that they were passing between them. George was pressed into Dream on top of one of the tables, wrapped in one of the sweatshirts he had lent him earlier and had yet to give back (not that he was complaining.)

They all finished their lunches pretty quickly, hopping off the desks every once in a while to throw out their trash. Dream swears when George pushes himself back up on the table he scoots closer to Dream than he was before.

He drops his head on Dream’s shoulder, yawning into the sleeve of his hoodie. It’s normal routine at this point for George to get sleepy after lunch, but it still makes Dream’s heart pick up speed a bit every time.

Wilbur pulls out his guitar, much to the disdain of Tommy. He strums quietly as Alex searches the room for his own, and Dream prepares himself for the bombardment of roast-songs he has coming his way as soon as the latter finds it.

Before Alex has the chance to join, Wilbur begins playing the chords to a vaguely recognizable song. It’s when he begins softly singing that Dream finally recognizes it.

We were both young when I first saw you

I close my eyes and the flashback starts

I'm standing there

On a balcony in summer air

Tommy laughs quietly, poking fun at him for the cheesy song choice. No one tells him to stop, though. Wilbur's a pretty good singer, and he hears George humming quietly next to him, so he has absolutely no complaints.

Until Wilbur gets to the chorus and starts singing with his gaze directly on George.

Romeo, take me somewhere we can be alone

I'll be waiting, all there's left to do is run

You'll be the prince and I'll be the princess

It's a love story, baby, just say "Yes"

George giggles softly, covering his face with his sleeves, and Dream resists the urge to pull the boy into his body and shield him from the perfect teenage rockstar power.

Wilbur doesn't take his eyes off of George for the entirety of the song, even *winking* once, which makes everyone else cheer and whistle. As much as Dream knows it's just a bit at this point to see who can flirt the most with George, who can make him blush the most, but it still causes the butterflies in his stomach to turn into a jealous swarm.

Later, as they're leaving the room as the bell rings for the end of the period, Dream keeps a mental note to sing for George at some point.

5. Alex

George's birthday approached fast in November, and they all decided to throw him an obligatory surprise party as his first birthday with the group.

It was up to Dream to guide George over from his house to Dream's, where everyone was waiting in his basement. He wasn't expecting for it to be hard to convince George to come with him.

"Why can't you just run over and get my gift and then come back?" George asks him, burying his head deeper into his pillow and shutting his eyes.

Dream groans, pulling on his arm. "Because I need you to come with me. My sister wants to wish you a happy birthday."

George opens one eye just to look at his arm, then him. "Just tell her to come over here."

"I'm not letting my sister crash at your house on *your* birthday."

“But you’ll force me to *your* house on my birthday?”

Dream sighs. “George, please?”

Nothing.

“I’ll give you a piggyback ride.”

George snorts, but rolls off the bed and tugs a sweatshirt over his head, looking at Dream expectantly. Dream huffs, crouching down so George can climb onto his back. He struggles for a moment to get up, hooking his arms around George’s thighs, but it works.

They walk all the way to Dream’s house like that. He’s careful not to trip down the steps with the unfamiliar weight on his back. It’s not helping that George has one arm practically hooked around his neck, the other one messing with his hair. If it was anyone else he would be upset. But it’s *George* .

When they get to Dream’s front porch, he lets go of George’s legs, letting him slide off him as he opens the door.

The house is empty, any noise easily being heard. Luckily, Dream had texted Alex right before they left, who had warned everyone else to be quiet until the moment Dream turns on the lights.

“C’mon, she’s probably downstairs,” he grabs George’s hand to follow him (which obviously isn’t an excuse to hold his hand *at all*.)

He leads him down to the basement, flicking on the light the moment they reach the bottom of the steps.

“ *Surprise!* ”

George turns to Dream, smiling. “You’re terrible at keeping secrets.”

“I’m great at keeping secrets!”

“Right,” he smiles wider, letting go of his hand and patting him on the shoulder before walking into the crowd, which immediately takes him up in a group hug of sorts.

Dream loses him for a bit, getting caught up in a conversation with Sam and Ponk about a coding class Sam was taking.

They do pizza and cake, before deciding to settle down a little bit and watch a movie. Struggling to figure out how they’re going to fit so many people on the couch and surrounding floor area, Dream quickly saves a spot and leaves enough room next to him that George would be able to squeeze next to him without practically being on top of him.

Alex seems to have other plans though, as he’s claimed an armchair and is currently trying to convince George to sit next to- no, *on* him.

“Georgie,” he teases, opening his arms to the other boy. “Come sit!”

George’s back is mostly facing Dream, but he can tell when the other boy rolls his eyes, practically scoffing lightheartedly at Alex’s invitation.

“C’mon birthday boy,” he wiggles his fingers, and Karl pushes him forward just a bit so that he stumbles forward into Alex’s legs. He crosses his arm, glancing over at Dream and mouthing ‘*save*

me’ with a smile before sitting down on Alex’s lap, much to the delight of him and everyone around.

“Let’s go!” he cheers, placing his hands on George’s waist. “I got George!”

George laughs, immediately standing up. “No way, dude, your legs are bony as fuck,” he comments, crossing the floor and dropping down next to Dream.

Alex rolls his eyes, and Dream swears he hears him mutter something about *yeah, go sit with the simp*.

It doesn’t really matter, he thinks to himself. *He got George*.

+1. Dream (again)

“US history is another circle of hell,” George says from his desk chair, spinning it to face Dream. His monitor shines behind him, casting a glow on the back of George’s body.

Dream snorts from his spot on George’s bed, where he’s more focused on doodling a smiley face on his knee than actually finishing his physics homework.

“I’m being serious,” George lulls his head back. “It’s like, why do I care what ‘*the most influential aspect of the Korean war*’ was? It’s just going to lead back to the US being the ‘heroes’ as always,” he says, holding up his hands to make air quotation marks, sarcasm dripping in his voice.

Dream shrugs. “Dunno. At least we didn’t colonize an entire country and give them a bunch of unreasonable taxes.”

George shakes his head. “Don’t even go there,” he warns, turning back to face his essay. “It’s fine. I can probably get Skeppy or Bad to send me theirs.”

“Of course,” Dream mumbles.

George turns back around. “What?”

Dream blinks. “Oh, no, nothing-”

He cuts him off. “Do you think I just cheat on everything?”

“No! That’s not what I meant,” he quickly defends, then clears his throat. “But, I mean, like. You *could* if you wanted.”

“What does *that* mean?”

“Just that you’re very hard to say no to!”

George just looks straight-up confused. “*How?* I’m, like, the *least* convincing person ever.”

“That’s definitely not true,” Dream laughs. “And you have pretty privilege.”

“I have *what?* ”

Whoops. He didn't mean for that to slip out. It was the truth though; Dream had very quickly noticed not only his friend group but strangers would go out of their way to be nice to George.

"Pretty privilege," Dream clears his throat. "It's like, uh, you know how people are always so nice to you? It's because you think you're attractive."

George's mouth hangs open. "I- what?"

"Oh, come on now, George, you had to have noticed how nice everyone always is to you! Sapnap giving you his jacket, Karl giving you the monkey, Alex trying to get you to sit on his lap, Wilbur singing to you-

"Because we're *friends*?"

"Well, yeah, but you're also fucking attractive dude!"

"I-" George half coughs, half laughs. He pauses for a second, looking over at Dream with a tilted expression. "Were you jealous, Dream?"

"What?"

"All those times you just listed," he laughs giddily leaning forward. "Were you *jealous* of all the things people were doing for me? All the people who found me pretty?"

"I-" Dream tries, but George is already getting up out of his chair, pushing aside Dream's notebook so he can sit down in front of him on the bed.

"Do you think I'm pretty, Dream?" he asks innocently, eyebrows raised and lips stretched wide.

Dream swallows. "Shit- I mean, yeah. Yeah, *obviously*," he breathes.

George hums, moving his face closer. "Have I ever mentioned I think you're pretty?"

"No..."

"Well, I do."

Dream breathes out again, practically on top of George's mouth. He reaches one arm up, cupping George's face, pulling him closer to Dream until their noses brush together.

"Can I?" he asks breathlessly.

"Please."

And then he's kissing George, kissing his best friend who he's only known for two months now but knows almost everything about him, kissing the boy he's wanted to kiss since the moment he's met him but constantly suppressed even though he had a feeling George liked him back *just in case*.

He slides their lips together, coaxing George's mouth open as he pulls him on top of him, lying back on the pillows and winding his arms around George's waist. George reaches up to run through Dream's hair, and his entire body is just screaming *finally, more, more, more!*

They finally have to pull apart to catch their breath, and George sighs happily, laying his head on Dream's chest.

“You have no idea how long I’ve been wanting to do this,” he says into Dream’s neck.

“I bet I have for longer.”

“You’d be surprised.”

Dream grins down at him. “Since day one?”

George laughs. “God, we’re stupid.”

Dream doesn’t respond, just pulling George up to connect their lips again. He could do this forever, lying here and kissing his pretty best friend.

End Notes

disclaimer ive never been to orlando so im basing this off of my experience in marco island which is obviously nothing similar so pls bear with me

you can follow me on twitter @karlnapitys !! and uh hi if you know me already,,,

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